

# Laika, Girls Without Hands

Sunday morning  
Restless morning  
I have floated forever

In the shadow  
Sleepless shadow  
I have fallen far below

Out of focus  
Sickly focus  
Breathless inbetween hours

Creeping morning  
Rash and warning  
All was emptied long ago home

Safe & sound ...

White snow is falling down  
Falls down hits the ground  
White snow is falling down  
Falls down hits the ground

Tinned and swollen  
Poached and frozen  
I have made it the last time  
Just a token  
Rough and broken  
I was fallen long ago

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Falls down hits the ground

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Falls down hits the ground  
White snow is falling down  
Falls down hits the ground

Safe & sound ...

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Falls down hits the ground...

Safe & sound ...